# Pictures And Songs For The Little Ones At Home.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

For my dear little Godchild
Lottie Aunt Annie's kind love.

Plymouth

January 12th 1868.

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# PICTURES AND SONGS

FOR

# The Little Ones at Home.

BY

THE EDITORS OF THE "CHILDREN'S PAPER."



Thomas Nelson and Sons,
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## THE INFANT SLEEPING.

SEE the infant calmly sleeping,
And her watch the mother keeping,
Nothing evil can betide it
While the mother sits beside it.

There it slumbers never knowing
How her heart with love is glowing,
Love which day and night unwearied
Hovers o'er it—settles near it.

Love its feeble frame sustaining,
Love which feels for its complaining,
Which in pain the sufferer presses
To its heart with kind caresses.

So, my children, love increasing
Watches o'er you rich in blessing,
Every moment life can measure
Sparkles with a golden treasure.

Each good gift is God bestowing
From a well of love o'erflowing;
Mother's love will fail you rather
Than the love of God your Father.

Go to him your sin confessing,
Ask for Jesus' sake a blessing,
He to hear the prayer rejoices
That ascends from youthful voices.



## THE PET GOATS.

SEE my beautiful basket of flowers
All blooming and wet with the dew,
In the wood one could wander for hours,
Still finding fresh treasures to view.
Let me rest on this soft mossy seat,
And after you frolic and play,
My goats, you must lie at my feet.
Nor go from your mistress astray.

None loves you so fondly as she,
Twin playmates that oft make her smile,
Now sporting so happy and free
Now resting together awhile.
And it pleases her often to see
How nothing her pets can divide,
How loving and gentle you be
As you gambol or rest side by side.

These innocent creatures may well
Some brothers and sisters reprove,
Who sometimes forget they should dwell
Together in peace and in love.
From lips that are youthful no word
Of anger or railing should come,
When tongues in loud quarrel are heard,
'Twere better, I think, they were dumb.



## THE FIRST WALK.

"TRY to come to mother darling,
Take a step alone, my dear,
With those little feet that totter.
And that pretty look of fear.
Now—another and another—
Stretch out hands—you will not fall—
There, you've walked alone to mother,
Tottered to her at her call!"

Thus, my children, a fond mother
Taught your little feet to go,
Oft would hold you up when falling,
Oft her arms around you throw—
Never will your heart forget her
For her love so kind and true,
But there's One who loves you better,
Jesus—once a child like you!

See, He stands with arms wide open
And He cries with voice of love,
Come to me, and I will guide you
In the way to heaven above.
O how wondrous is his meekness,
Thus to take you by the hand,
And uphold you in your weakness
Till you reach Immanuels land!



## THE PET LAMB.

GENTLE playmate, skipping free,
To the meadows come with me;
See, the fields with flowers are bright,
Buttercups and daises white.
Come away—that pretty neck
With a daisy-chain I'll deck,
You shall bound, and skip, and play
On the grass this summer day.

Come away—you need not fear
With your little mistress near.
Follow me, my pet, I know
Such a pleasant way to go.
Should you wander from the track
I will quickly bring you back,
And when weary you shall rest
In my arms and on my breast.

Little mistress! One of old
Called the Lambs of Judah's fold,
"Suffer them to come to me."
Still He speaks, and speaks to thee.
See the Shepherd standing by,
You may in His bosom lie,
Carried in His arms of love
To the pastures green above.



## THE BETTER LAND.

WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going
Each with staff in hand?
We are going on a journey
At the King's command.
Over plains, and hills, and valleys,
We are going to His palace
In the better land.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You, a feeble band?
No, for friends unseen are near us,
Angels round us stand.
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us,
He will guard us,—He will guide us
To the better land.

Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In the better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's hand.
We shall drink of Life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever
In the better land.

Will you let me travel with you
To the better land?
Come away—we bid you welcome
To our little band.
Come, O come! we cannot leave you,
Christ is waiting to receive you
In the better land.



## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

HEAVENLY Shepherd! blest are all
Who have heard thy gracious call,
Whom thou guidest in the way,
Whom thou watchest night and day.
Poor and helpless though they be,
Blest are all that follow thee.

By the quiet waters led,
In the pleasant pastures fed,
Guarded well from every harm,
Carried on thy faithful arm,
Weak and sinful though they be
Blest are all that follow thee.

Jesus, Shepherd kind and good,
Thou for me hast shed thy blood,
Though a little child I am
In thy flock is many a lamb,
Make me one, and let me be
Ever glad to follow thee.

My weak footsteps gently lead
Where thy happy flock doth feed,
In thy bosom let me lie,
All my daily wants supply,
Now and ever let me be
Willing, Lord, to follow thee.



## MORNING HYMN.

LAST night to sleep I laid me down,
God's loving arm was round me thrown,
When all was dark and all was still
My Father kept his child from ill.

Whene'er the morning light I see,
I know my Father thinks of me,
Then let me think of Him and pray
That He would bless me through the day.

He gives me all that I have here,
My happy home, my friends so dear,
And more than this His love has done,
For me He gave his only Son.

How full of love my heart should be
To Jesus Christ who died for me,
Who on the cross poured forth his blood
To save me and to make me good.

Whene'er I feel a wicked thought
To speak or do what I ought not,
O show me Lord, what sin has done,
What suffering it has caused thy Son.

Make me more like thy holy Child,
More gentle, loving, lowly, mild,
And keep me, Father, all this day,
From every false and wicked way.



## THE PLAY HOUR.

THE bell has rung; with merry shout,
From school the boys are rushing out;
Now books are closed, with what delight
They grasp the marbles, ball, and kite.
Shout on, light hearts! one loves to hear
This burst of voices fresh and clear,
To watch a troop of schoolboys gay
Enjoy like you the hour of play.

How short it seems! yet to the boy
Its shortness brings a keener joy,
The hours of work that go before
Endear the hour of leisure more.
Shout on, glad hearts! in boyhood learn
Your pleasure through your toil to earn;
If life were all one idle day
You would not prize the hour of play.

Improve the golden hours that bring
Such stores of knowledge on the wing,
None have used them well but knew
That labour's path is pleasure's too.
Choose heavenly wisdom as your guide,
And peace will follow at her side,
A purer joy bless manhood's way
Than brightened boyhood's hour of play.



## THE ROBIN.

WELCOME, little Robin
With the scarlet breast,
In this winter weather
Cold must be your nest.
Hopping o'er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs,
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

Is the story true, Robin,
You were once so good
To the little orphans
Sleeping in the wood?
Did you see them lying
Pale and cold and still,
And strew leaves above them
With your little bill?

Whether true or not, Robin,
We are glad to see
How you trust us children,
Walking in so free.
Hopping o'er the carpet,
Picking up the crumbs.
Robin knows the children
Love him when he comes.

And though little Robin
Has no gift of speech,
Yet he can a lesson
To the children teach;
Still to trust that blessings
Will be richly given
When they ask their Father
For their bread from heaven.



## THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

BY Jacob's well the Saviour sought
To rest his weary frame,
But all his weariness forgot
When that poor sinner came.

She listened, wond'ring, to the Lord,
For all her need he knew,
And soon her spirit from his word
The living water drew.

Like flowing streams new life and hope
His blessed words impart,
The well of grace springs freely up
In that long-hardened heart.

Though now no more thy weary frame
O Lord, on earth we see,
Thy loving heart remains the same,
Thy grace is still as free.

Thy word is still life's flowing spring
When read in faith and prayer,
Our empty vessels we may bring
And drink salvation there.

There thou art near as at the first
To all who seek thy face,
There would I come—there ever thirst
For thy reviving grace.



## THE TRUE FRIEND.

CHILDREN, you have heard the story
How the Lord of life and glory
Left his Father's house on high
And came down to earth to die.
To a friend so true and tender
What should you not freely render?

When his suffering here was ended,
He to heaven again ascended,
Now he reigns in glory there,
Yet he loves to hear your prayer.
To a friend so true and tender
Who would not all praises render?

This good Saviour loveth dearly
Those like you who seek him early,
There is none too young to sin,
None too young his grace to win.
To this friend so true and tender
Will you not you heart surrender?

Choose this friend, ye poor and friendless
Trust his love so deep and endless,
It will bless you all your days
And your souls to glory raise.
Children, to this friend so tender,
Now, O now! your heart surrender.



## THE BIRD'S NEST.

HERE'S a nest in the hedge row,
Half hid by the leaves,
And the sprays, white with blossom,
Bend o'er it like eaves.

Look in very softly
Between the green boughs,
While the mother is absent
God watches the house.

Straw walls, and a lining
Of mosses and wool,
Well wrought the small mason,
His bill all his tool.

Three eggs, blue and speckled,
Are all it will hold,
But more dear to the mother
Than diamonds and gold.

She is happy and thankful
The whole summer long,
With her mate perching near her
And warbling his song.

God gave them their lodging,
He gives them their food,
And they trust he will give them
Whatever is good.

Ah, when your rich blessings,
My child, you forget,
When for some little trouble
You murmur and fret,

Hear the sweet voices singing
In hedges and trees,
Will you be less thankful.
Less trustful than these?



## FLOWERS.

NOW lessons are said—let us hasten away
To the garden and look at the flowers,
How sweet is their fragrance, their colours how gay,
As they bloom in the bright summer hours.

But look how these roses are drooping their heads,
For days unrefreshed by the rain;
Come bring the full pitcher and water the beds.
They will blow in fresh beauty again.

Then we must look after those troublesome weeds,
And rake them quite up by the roots,
They grow where we planted our mignonette seeds
And injure the delicate shoots.

Dear children, the flowers you are busied about
Will grow, though they toil not nor spin,
And while your are tending the garden without
You should think of the garden within.

The heart is by nature like wilderness ground
Which yields neither flowers nor fruit,
There poisonous weeds and rank thistles abound
Which only God's hand can uproot.

O seek that his Spirit this desolate place
May make like a garden to bloom,
There plant and there nurture the flowers of his grace
In beauty and lasting perfume.



## THE BIBLE STORY.

ONCE among a band of brothers
There was one, his father's joy,
Loved so fondly that the others
Looked with envy on the boy,
For his kindness and his goodness
Treated him with scorn and rudeness.

In a desert place they threw him
Down a pit, a living grave,
And when up again they drew him
'Twas to sell him for a slave,
To a life of want and danger
In the country of the stranger.

See him there by all forsaken
Fettered in a dungeon lie,
Yet he keeps his trust unshaken,
And his Father hears his cry,
Lifts him out of tribulation
To a great and princely station.

Years went by, and to that city
In distress his brethren came,
Then, unknown, he showed them pity,
Never spoke a word of blame,
But by words and deeds of kindness
Made them weep their guilt and blindness.

In your youth like him endeavour
Thus to know and love the Lord,
Choose his service, seek his favour,
Follow Christ, and hear his word,—
Once this heavenly friend possessing,
You will want no other blessing.